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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

George IV.: Memoirs of his Life and Reign, interspersed with numerous Personal Anecdotes; to which is prefixed an Historical Account of the House of Brunswick, from the Earliest Period. By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. 8vo. London, 1830. Trautlet and Co.

On the day of the funeral of his late Majesty we are called upon to notice this the earliest (and, indeed, a very quickly produced) history of his life and reign. It is a melancholy task, amid the boom of distant minute guns, the dying sound of tolling bells, and all the outward demonstrations of a nation's mourning. The depressed spirit can hardly take up the theme—every detail appears tedious—and nothing but a vague and overwhelming general impression fills rather than occupies the mind. How transitory are the days of the greatest monarch! How much more transitory do they seem to be than even those of private individuals! It is the mighty blank caused by the loss of one who has occupied so mighty a space: it is the sudden fall and disappearance of an object so lofty that, for a season, all eyes have been turned to its contemplation. And the very moment of its vanishing, without a pause between, new interests and another system rise to the view. The affairs of a kingdom are too pressing and too important to admit of the busy world's giving a period, however brief, to the sympathies of nature; and in a moral sense we see that the king never dies:—does he ever live? When a private person, however humble his station, passes away, there is some chasm, some distinct and obvious break, in the chain of existence; and it is only with the progress of time that his successor gradually glides into the vacant sphere, taking his place, discharging his duties, and supplying that similar atom of the endless tide of which the living flood is formed. But when the powerful monarch departs—when it might be imagined there was a gap created which nothing of humanity could replenish—is it not a wonderful contradiction to observe, that the instant call of circumstances, the operation of fears and hopes in all around, the rush of self-interest and ambition, the love of novelty, the gaud of spectacle, and a multitude of other springs of action, so absorb the public mind, that we may truly say the king descends from his throne into his sepulchre with about as slight a remembrance as the beggar exchanges his hospital truck for his last home in the pauper shell. It is a sad, but a useful, lesson: it proclaims to the great, that it is only by noble deeds, by the encouragement of those things which afford happiness to their species, which improve and adorn mankind, they can hope for such lasting fame as

Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust.

* The fineness of the day, and the outpouring of the population of London, in consequence of all business being suspended, particularly towards Richmond and up the Thames, gave it, however, all the appearance of a holiday of recreation.

The work before us* enters into no enlarged or comprehensive views, either of personal character or of political transactions: it is a simple and honestly written narrative of the principal events in his late Majesty's life and government. It tells the story fairly, to the best of the author's knowledge; and it leaves philosophical speculation to a period when, perhaps, it can be more truly applied than it could be, so near the date of the matters recorded.

The prefatory "Historic Memoir" is concise, but sufficient; and traces the royal line of Great Britain from its founder, Boniface, created Count of Lucca in 769—above a thousand years ago—to the present epoch. The last words of George I., "*Je suis mort*," bear a striking resemblance to those reported to have been uttered by George IV.: "*This is death*." George II. exclaimed, "*Call Emily*," his daughter, and expired: what fell from the lips of our venerated third George in his final hour is doomed to that oblivion which covered his closing scene.

After devoting above a hundred pages to the ancestry of his late Majesty, Mr. Lloyd gives an account of his own infancy and education. Among other distinguishing features, he states that the prince was always sincerely attached to his instructors, though he seems to hint that they were quite as strict as was required, considering the prospects of their illustrious pupil. His father also shewed great regard to these eminent men: after several instances, the author says:—

"Another proof of the affection which the king had for Dr. Hurd, appeared in one of the finest compliments ever paid by a sovereign to a subject. The bishop's private seal had the bearing of a cross with the letters I. N. R. I. on a label, a glory above, and these words beneath—*EK DISTEDES*. His majesty, whose observation nothing could escape, was struck by the device, and instantly resolved to make use of it for a purpose he was then contemplating. This was the founding of an annual prize, consisting of a gold medal, for the best theological essay by a student of the University of Göttingen. On the one side of the medal was the profile of the king; and on the obverse an exact copy of Bishop Hurd's seal. When the medal was executed, his majesty took an opportunity of presenting one of the first impressions to the bishop, with his own hand, at Buckingham House. The royal gift was valued as it should be, by being left to the Bishops of Worcester in perpetuity. It is a trait highly honourable to the feelings of the Prince of Wales, that he ever continued to hold his preceptors in high respect. For a proof of this we have only to mention the two following short anecdotes, which reflect equal credit on his sensibility as a man, and on his condescension as a prince. On a summer excursion through some of the western counties of England, the prince happened to be in the neighbourhood of the palace of the Bishop of Worcester; and inquiring after the health of

its venerable inhabitant, he was informed that his lordship was so infirm, that he rarely stirred out of his episcopal residence; but that, in other respects, his faculties remained unimpaired, and he possessed as good a share of health and spirits as usually fall to the lot of persons at his advanced period of life. On receiving this information, his royal highness despatched one of his attendants to the palace of his venerable and amiable preceptor, to ask his permission to wait upon him, as he understood that the state of his health did not permit him to come abroad. The good bishop, as may readily be conceived, was charmed with the condescension of his illustrious pupil, and in suitable terms expressed his grateful sense of the honour which his royal highness designed to shew him. An interview succeeded, highly interesting to those who witnessed it; and the prince left the venerable prelate penetrated with the kindness, affability, and flattering remembrance of his royal pupil. The other anecdote to which we refer is of a more recent date, and reflects, perhaps, still more honour on his royal highness's character. The prince, it is well known, for a number of years was in the habit of collecting portraits of all the eminent personages who had at any time been honoured with his friendship. These portraits are executed by the first artists, and form by far the finest collection of modern portraits that is to be met with in the kingdom. Among the other portraits of his distinguished friends, the Prince of Wales possesses an admirable likeness of the late Archbishop of York, which some few years ago was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and was then generally esteemed one of the finest portraits produced by the British school. It was painted by Hoppner, in his best style, and possesses so much of the manner and feeling of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that it might be mistaken for a work of that great master. It formerly occupied a conspicuous situation in the crimson drawing-room in Carlton House, in which splendid apartment there were also a portrait of Lord Erskine, by Reynolds, and one of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, by Sir Thomas Lawrence."

Mr. Lloyd attributes some of the Prince of Wales's youthful irregularities to his attachment to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland—a feeble-minded and dissipated person, who, without bad intentions, led his nephew into very questionable company and companionship. Of this duke, Mr. Lloyd rather mars a good anecdote in the telling:—

"The duke being once in company with Foote, was so delighted with the wit of the player, that he said, 'Mr. Foote, I swallow all the good things you say.' 'Do you?' replied Foote; 'then your royal highness has an excellent digestion; for you never bring any of them up again.' On meeting Mr. Gibbon in Pall Mall, he thus accosted him: 'How d'ye do? What! at the old trade? ay, always—cribble, scribble.'"

The writer has forgotten that it was a presentation copy, on which his royal highness

* Advertised for publication on Wednesday next.

cried, "What! another big square book?" &c. &c. But to return to the prince: we are told—

"When he attained his majority, he was unquestionably the most accomplished young prince in Europe. Besides a correct and extensive knowledge of the ancient languages, he could converse with ease and fluency in French, German, and Italian. The best English writers, especially the poets, were familiar to him; and his refined taste and correct judgment on all subjects relative to the belles lettres have never been disputed. He was a considerable proficient in music, both vocal and instrumental, and was always considered as an excellent judge of that elegant science; and his taste in the fine arts has been as conspicuous as the munificence with which he has encouraged them. With all these accomplishments, the prince royal combined the advantages of an uncommonly handsome person, an expressive and intelligent countenance, the most polished and graceful address, the happiest mixture of conscious dignity and unaffected affability, a fascination of manner which nothing could resist, before which the voice of remonstrance was silent, and discontent was changed into a feeling of admiration."

"Among the remarkable individuals who were honoured with the prince's countenance, and were frequent visitors at Carlton House and the Marine Pavilion, besides the many eminent public characters, there were others whose political importance was inconsiderable, but whom other circumstances had drawn into the royal circle."

This last paragraph, though confused in style and construction, introduces us to some of the persons indicated as associates of the prince—such as Fox, Burke, Sheridan, &c. &c.; but we select the description of others (except Lord Moira) less known to the public, and certainly (together with that noble lord) not very ceremoniously treated in these pages.

"The late Marquess of Hastings was certainly the steadiest of his majesty's friends; but he was an improvident man, and therefore ill calculated to be the adviser of the prince. He was continually in debt, and taking up money upon post-obits, and other securities, at enormous rates. His servants, of whom he kept a large number, lived riotously, and drank the dearest wines at their master's expense. He also had a number of pensioners, most of whom were blood-suckers. One of these was Felix McCarthy, an Irish adventurer, who once absented himself longer than usual from St. James's Place, on which his lordship sent to know what was the reason. Felix returned

"The writer of these pages recollects a circumstance which strongly confirms this remark. A gentleman of great respectability, with whom the prince had had extensive dealings, and had contracted a very large debt, used to express himself, and sometimes in no very measured terms, respecting the repeated delays in the payment. One day, in company of several gentlemen, he declared his intention of going to Carlton House, and telling his royal highness how much injury he did to his own character by thus neglecting to satisfy the just demands of those to whom he was indebted. Some of the company expressed their doubts of his carrying this project into execution; and on his persisting in it, he was induced to promise to make us acquainted with the result of his visit to Carlton House. Some time afterwards, the same company having again met, he was called upon to fulfil his promise. He said, that on sending in his name, he had been immediately admitted to wait on the prince, and obeyed the summons with a full resolution to make him sensible of the unfavourable light in which his royal highness placed himself by his neglect of his just engagements; but that the prince had received him with so much condescension, with such an appearance of satisfaction at his visit, and conversed with him on various subjects in a manner so delightful, that he had not once thought of the business on which he had come, till he had made his obeisance on quitting the apartment."

an old pair of shoes, worn out at toe and heel, asking 'whether those were fit for him to enter his lordship's house in?' It is no wonder that the prince and the marquess should have been constantly embarrassed. Among the early associates of the prince was George Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine—a man of the most eccentric character, not destitute of talent, but of dissipated habits, and fond of low company. In his latter years, he resided in a small cottage in or near the Hampstead Road; but though he ordinarily spent his evenings at an ale-house, he was not an unfrequent visitor at the palace. A short time before the regency, the prince laughingly said: 'George, in all the years we have been acquainted, you never asked me to dine with you: now, I should like to do so for once.' 'Sir,' said George, 'if you will dine as I do, no person will be more welcome: only fix your time, that I may be prepared.' The prince mentioned his day, and was punctual. There was little sign of cookery; but at last the cloth was laid by the female servant, and a baked shoulder of mutton, with potatoes, constituted the whole meal, to which was added simple porter; but whether any wine followed, the writer, who heard the story from Hanger himself, cannot now recollect. The colonel succeeded to the title of Coleraine in 1814, on the death of his brother; but a greater affront could not be offered him than to address him in word or writing as 'My lord.' He always wore a silk handkerchief round his neck, and a short club-stick under his arm. He died in 1817, at the age of seventy-three, having been for some years discarded from the prince's parties, on account of his low propensities. He was at one time a sort of purveyor for the royal pleasure; but though he had all the vice and good-humour of Falstaff, he had not the wit of fat Jack. Yet, compared with others, his old patron might say, 'We could have better spared a better man.'

"Another of the convivial companions of the prince, was Henry Bate Dudley, commonly called 'the fighting parson.' His name was originally Bate, to which in 1784 he added that of Dudley. He succeeded his father in the rectory of North Farmbridge, in Essex, but never resided there; living constantly in London, where he wrote for the stage, and conducted the *Morning Post*. In 1780, he established the *Morning Herald*, which became the gazette of fashion. Bishop Lowth having called upon him to reside, or discharge clerical duty, near London, he, to avoid the former, took the curacy of Hendon. Here he used to attend on Sundays, with his friend Parsons the comedian; and between the morning and afternoon service, play at cribbage in the vestry! When the Duke of Bedford became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he gave Dudley the chancellorship of the cathedral of Ferns, and other preferments. In 1816, he obtained a prebend of Ely. The prince regent made him a baronet in 1812. But when, in 1807, application was made to Lord Grenville to promote him to the episcopate, his lordship referred the applicant to the words of St. Paul—'A bishop must be no striker.' The prince, soon after the establishment took place at Brighton, received into his service Louis Weltjie, a German. He was originally a ginger-bread baker, and sold cakes about the streets; and the prince being pleased with his manner and cakes, gave him a situation in his household. Here he rose to be chief cook and purveyor, both at Carlton House and the Pavilion. His pride kept even pace with his

good fortune; and he even took occasionally great liberties with his royal master. Weltjie at last, however, lost his place and the prince's favour by his folly. He had an only daughter, of whom he was fond, till she offended him by marrying her father's assistant cook. Weltjie was so exasperated at this degradation, that he had the assurance to complain to his royal highness, representing the ingratitude of the young man in strong terms, and stating the disgrace brought upon his family by this match. He concluded by soliciting the immediate dismissal of the offender. The good-natured prince only smiled, and told Weltjie to live amicably with the young couple. 'This Weltjie could not endure, but kept on remonstrating till, his royal highness's patience being tired out, he dismissed the cook from his presence, and shortly after from his service, giving the place to Weltjie's son-in-law. Weltjie, however, had realised a handsome fortune, and built several houses at Brighton. He also kept a subscription house in St. James's Street many years, the history of which would be curious. He died suddenly in 1800."

These, indeed, are truly strange companions for royalty, which should be surrounded by men of genius, the lights of literature and science. We are not of the class who exact more from kings than from other highly informed, polished, and enlightened men;—on the contrary, we feel that many excuses are to be made for the errors, follies, and vices of those whom ordinary experience and collision with society have never shaped for the just appreciation of the world, or the correct sense of relative duties—whom flattery and adulation have beleaguered from the cradle—whom the consciousness of power and superiority has spoiled—whom pliancy and sycophancy, ministering to their worst passions and appetites, have blinded—who, indeed, if possessed of angel virtues and angel attributes, could not escape the contagion that environs their station, or penetrate the darkness that is thrown about their perceptions:—but there is surely, amid all the close-girding delusions which mislead the infancy of power, enough of opening left to enable an intelligent sovereign to see that his welfare and his glory, his domestic comfort and his public triumph, depend upon the selection of other favourites, and the cultivation of other pursuits. Let him enjoy every luxury which fortune has placed before him—let him be sumptuous, and denied no pleasure which a king can taste; but he will augment all these tenfold, by proving that the good of his people is his first object, and by being the patron of men whose talents are for all time, and who, by their genius and abilities, are calculated equally to adorn and to strengthen the reign of the greatest monarch."

* George the Fourth was a most munificent and distinguished patron of literature, science, and the fine arts: his acts in this respect will shed an everlasting lustre over his reign. It is astonishing that so few English kings have felt the expediency of pursuing a similar course; but barbarous times, and times of civil war and revolution, were not favourable to the advancement of the more illustrious objects which wisdom and policy alike recommend. Now, however, that peace offers the occasion, and the progress of knowledge and civilisation perpetually enforces the truth, it would be utter senselessness not to anticipate a better order of things. Let us concede, that the warrior is worthy of his honours, the statesman of his emoluments, the wealthy of his influence, the yielder of pleasure to his reward: but surely it is also time that the philosopher, the scholar, the man of useful science, should be distinguished from the mass by royal favour, instead of being left to the mere breath of popular opinion. It would reflect as bright a lustre on, as it would derive a lustre from, the throne; and earnestly do we hope to see the reign of William IV. made resplendent by such a course.

Mr. Lloyd, of necessity, enters largely into the painful history of that unfortunate union between the Prince of Wales and his cousin, which led to so much national confusion, disgrace, and danger. We will not revive the recollection farther than by quoting two or three curious passages, which bear on points of the question that so fearfully agitated the body politic. When the proposal of the marriage was made, says Mr. Lloyd, "the princess received the intelligence with composure, amounting to indifference. That the proposed union was one by which her family would be elevated, and by which her own happiness might be improved, she admitted; but her heart was, of course, unmoved by the prospect. Her consent she did not withhold, because, although she had heard of the follies of the prince, she had also heard of his virtues; and his generosity and sensibility had been greatly extolled. Yet here it must be admitted, that the princess neither did nor could love her future husband. Her affections had been fixed on a young German prince, to whom she could not give her hand. The precise state of her mind cannot be better explained than in her own words. In a letter written to a friend, dated 28th November, 1794, she thus expressed herself:—'You are aware, my friend, of my destiny. I am about entering into a matrimonial alliance with my first-cousin, George Prince of Wales. His generosity I regard, and his letters bespeak a mind well cultivated and refined. My uncle is a good man, and I love him very much; but I feel that I shall never be inexpressibly happy. Estranged from my connexions, my associations, my friends, all that I hold dear and valuable, I am about entering on a permanent connexion. I fear for the consequences. Yet I esteem and respect my intended husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But, ah me! I say sometimes I cannot now love him with ardour. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it; I think I shall be happy, but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. The man of my choice I am debarred from possessing, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language; I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to render my husband happy, and to interest him in my favour, since the fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales.'"

At their first interview, it is stated the Prince was not only affable, but warm in his attentions to his bride; and the author adds—
"Lady Jersey, who had been present during the greatest part of the interview between the prince and princess, and had remarked, with a feeling of displeasure, the attentions which the prince paid to his intended consort, seems to have resolved to avail herself of the time that would elapse before a second interview, to prejudice the prince against her royal mistress. The princess, it is said, had incautiously avowed to Lady Jersey her previous attachment to a German prince—but probably not in such strong terms as her ladyship represented; however, on the succeeding day Lady Jersey apprised the prince of this previous attachment owned by the princess, with whose person and manners she also found much fault. On the next day, therefore, when the Prince of Wales visited St. James's, he was cool and reserved in his manners, and manifested, if not an aversion to the Princess of Brunswick, at least a considerable alteration in his behaviour. Queen Charlotte has been accused of being the individual who effected,

or contributed to effect, this alteration; but it seems much more rational to ascribe it to the intrigues of a rival, than to a princess whose conduct in every part of her life places her far above any such suspicion."

Afterwards we are told—and the sentiment is a little at variance with the preceding quotation:

"While the conduct of the prince, in renewing his intimacy with Mrs. Fitzherbert, must be blamed and lamented, as an unhappy deviation from the course which a just regard to his own honour, and to the influence of his example, should have led him to pursue, it is impossible not to acknowledge that that of the princess was not calculated to overcome the dislike which she was well aware her consort had had to the union, to inspire him with that affection which she knew he did not, and could not, yet feel—or to command his respect and esteem at least, if she failed in gaining his love. As his present majesty, then Duke of Clarence, designated her, in the House of Lords, as a 'lovely and amiable woman' (a eulogium which, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, was repeated in still more energetic terms by the late Mr. Canning), it can hardly be doubted that, with patience and forbearance, she might, in a great degree at least, have attained so desirable an object. Might it not have been expected that she would, by such a mode of proceeding, have acquired the friendship of her most amiable and accomplished sisters-in-law, considering the sympathy that the female heart ever has for female wrongs? But, instead of acting in this manner, she took no pains to conceal her resentment and dislike. She behaved with marked difference to the king and to the queen—caressing the former as her father, and receiving the latter with stiffness and court etiquette. It has been stated that she vented her complaints on this subject to Lady Jersey, and that her ladyship repeated these complaints to the queen. If this be true, the inference irresistibly follows, either that the stories of the prince's attachment to her ladyship, and of the resentment of the princess on that account, are fables; or that the princess must have been the most imprudent of women, to make a confidante of a person whom she regarded as an enemy and a rival; unless, indeed, we should suppose that such observations were made with a view of vexing the person against whom they were directed, and to whom it was intended they should be conveyed. That a female of high descent, and a haughty spirit, could ill brook neglect or aversion, will be readily acknowledged; but the princess, instead of the lofty pride of conscious innocence and offended virtue, which have led women of as proud spirits as her own to endure in dignified silence the most outrageous wrongs, rather than expose them to the unhallowed gaze of unfeeling curiosity, was much too fond of venting her complaints both in conversation and letters; and during the course of her unfortunate life, her communications in writing, which ought to have been secret and confidential, too frequently found their way to the public through the medium of the press, for which, rather than for the information of those to whom they were immediately addressed, many of them, like speeches in some popular assemblies, appear to have been composed."

But we have done. This quarrel was an unhappy affair, in which, as in all family dissensions, there was little to commend, and much to condemn, on both sides. We rejoice to conclude by remarking on the harmony

which prevails among all the branches of the royal race at this day. It is an auspicious omen: the man who loves his nearest relatives, has a heart likely to expand in love and regard to a far wider circle; and our prayer is that such may be the fate of William the Fourth, till it embraces his entire people, and is inestimably returned by them.

Wallenstein's Camp, from the German; and Original Poems. 8vo. pp. 167. London, 1830. Murray.

A MOST animated translation of that curious picture of the momentary rest in a soldier's life, that scene among the privates which, preceding the appearance of their generals, is a species of prologue to Schiller's *Wallenstein*. How characteristic are the following speeches of a fearless but unscrupulous warrior, upholding to his companions the higher feeling, the honour of a warlike career!

"First Cuirassier.—The man whose trade it is to die, Must feel his profession's dignity; If not, he had better remain away From the losing game of the battle fray: Or, like the Croat, for paltry hire, By himself and others despised, expire."

Both Yagers.—Yes, life is light against honour weighed.
First Cuirassier.—The sword is neither share nor spade—

We were fools to plough with the iron blade. For us no corn-stalk, or golden grain, Springs, blooms, or ripens: on earth's wide plain We must fit, and look for an home in vain. The soldier checks not his restless flight To gaze on his own hearth's ruddy light; The city is thronged, and the streets are gay— On marches the column, he must not stay: In the village meadows he must not share With the cattle the verdure and freshness there: On vintage and harvest, with longing eye, From far he gazes and wanders by. What has the soldier to call his own, If it lie not in self-esteem alone? If that be denied him, in wrath he turns On others, and murders, and robs, and burns.

First Arquebuser.—God knows it a life of misery.

First Cuirassier.—Yet not to another beneath the sky Would I turn from the soldier's life to fly. Now, mark: through the world I have wandered wide Much by experience have proved and tried; Have served St. Mark's republican reign, And the crown of Naples and kingly Spain; Sought fortune far, though I sought in vain— The church and the law have alike surveyed— The statesman, the monk, and the sons of trade; There is not among them, if choice were free, Robe, cowl, or doublet, would sit on me Like the iron jerkin which here you see.

First Arquebuser.—In faith! with that I can hardly agree.

First Cuirassier.—Would we follow a chase, we must be content

Through toil and through danger to track the scent: Who seeks for title, and rank, and state, Must bow down his neck to their golden weight: Who seeks to pass through his life possessing His children's love and his parents' blessing, In peace and honour some trade may ply:— Not so minded, in sooth, am I. Free would I wander and live and die— No man's spoiler and no man's heir; And with reckless glance, and with spirits gay, From the back of my charger the world survey."

Most of the minor poems have been published before: the spirit and gaiety of "Boyle Farm" are admirably contrasted with the noble translation of Müller's elegy on Lord Byron; but we prefer quoting the following little poem: it is new, we think, at least; and will, even if a repetition, excuse itself.

"The White Lady.

Our troops went forth on Sarfeldt's morn,
Beneath their monarch's eye,
And merrily peal'd the yager's horn
As the guard was marching by.

And first and last the howitzers past,
And the battery's iron train,
And all to throw the desperate cast
Upon Jena's fated plain.

The march they play'd was sweet to hear,
The sight was fair to see;
It smooth'd our Frederick's brow austere,
And Blücher smiled with glee.

That sight was fair to all but those
Who own'd prophetic fears;
And sweet that martial strain arose
To all but gifted ears.

And was there none in dream or trance
Could follow the column's way,
And with the vulture's prescient glance
The death-doom'd troops survey?

Yes, close at hand she had taken her stand,
I saw and I mark'd her well;
'Twas she who wanders through the land,
Whose name I fear to tell.

They saw not her form, nor her visage of grief—
It was not that their sight was dim;
But fix'd on his troops were the eyes of their chief,
And their glances were fix'd on him.

But I knew her at once by the long lank hair,
And the garments as white as snow;
And she linger'd there in her still despair,
And scowl'd on the troops below.

I knew her at once for a lady who wends,
Impell'd by the curse divine,
And who wanders abroad when wo impends
Upon Prussia's regal line.

I have kept the night-watch, where she chiefly is said
To roam by the ruinous stair;
I should not have trembled, I should not have fled—
For I could have faced her there.

For I fear'd not the sight of the lady in white
By the moonlight's spectral ray;
In the hall of our kings, at the hour of night;
But I shrunk from the vision by day.

Yet I thought what the fortunes of Prussia decreed
By questioning her to know;
So right to that lady I spur'd my steed,
Till no nearer he would go.

For he rear'd at the sight of the lady in white,
And he stopp'd in his full career.
She spoke, and her words, when I heard them aright,
They curdled my blood for fear.

'Now trouble me not—I list to the shot—
On Sarfeldt I see the dead;
Disturb me no more—I weep for your lot!"
Was all that the lady said.

She strided away, and I could not tell where,
For a shuddering seized my frame;
And whither she vanish'd I cannot declare,
And as little know whence she came.

But at Sarfeldt's fight, since the morning light,
The Frenchmen had fired well,
And the lady had spoken the moment aright
When Louis of Prussia fell."

There are surprisingly few good translations from the German; and our literature owes an important service to the young nobleman (Lord Francis Leveson Gower) who thus devotes his talents and his information. We like this little volume too much not cordially to hope that its author will add industry to his other merits.

The Family Library, No. XIV. *Lives of British Physicians*. London, 1830. Murray.

It is full time that there should be a book in which medical men are the principal characters; for it is really a strange thing to say, we do not remember in history, in fiction, in the drama,* or in any other class of literature, a single instance in which a doctor, a surgeon, an apothecary, or an accoucheur, is the hero. How comes it that these able and amiable men have been so sadly neglected? This, we presume, is to be attributed to the nature of their profession. Deeply as every human sympathy is interwoven with the visit of the physician, his practice, his care; there is nothing in the mode of his proceedings which is elevated or imposing. On the contrary, almost all medical acts either approach the nasty or the ridiculous. Feeling the pulse with a grave look would make a savage laugh; and putting out the tongue, &c. &c. &c., besides dressing wounds and sores, examining noisome substances, and other necessary offices, are derogatory to those ideas of brilliancy with which the imaginative love to invest their he-

* We do remember one play in which a surgeon was the chief person. He was a sort of Inkle, and performed the operation of couching on a fair Indian—but the audience would not see it out.

roes. They have therefore thrown the whole medical tribe like physic to the dogs; and but for the kind interposition of a *Family Library* volume, these valuable family friends might have been passed over in silence to the end of time.

Here we have eighteen of them, from Linacre to Gooch, rescued from this unmerited fate; and if experience should prove the experiment to be judicious, there are now so many Libraries afloat, we have no doubt but the public will be drugged from Esculapius to Dr. Jordan. With this, however, we have at present little to do; the one pill before us is a dose; and as it is likely to produce a very good effect upon our patients, the public, we shall make it our business to inform them what are the component parts of the recipe.

The lives consist of Linacre, Caius, Harvey, Browne, (improperly Brown, without the final *e*, on the plate), Sydenham, Radcliffe, Mead, Huxham, Pringle, Fothergill, Heberden, Cullen, W. Hunter, Warren, Baillie, Jenner, Parry, and Gooch. The first, the founder of the College of Physicians, is more meagre than we could have wished; for the biography of Linacre was an extraordinary one, and might have furnished matter for a far longer and very interesting sketch. There is no notice whatever of the curious Greek manuscripts, and other stores of literature which he brought into England; and yet we know of no private individual whose efforts in this way would have furnished matter of greater attraction to the reader. The history of Caius is observable for its extract of his account of the sweating sickness.

In another work (as the writer states) the learned doctor "gives a brief account of the variety of dogs existing, in his time, in this country, and adds a systematic table of them, subjoining for the instruction of his correspondent, their English names, which are as follows: 'Terrare—harier—bludhunde—gasehunde—grehunde—leviner, or lyemmer—tumbler—spainel—setter—water-spainel, or fynder—spainel-gentle, or comforter—shepherd's dog—mastive, or bande-dog—wappe—turnspit—dancer.' Of his manner of treating his subject, the following may be given as specimens:—The *terrare* takes its name from its subterranean employ, being a small kind of hound, used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey, out of their holes. The *harier* derives its name from hunting the hare. The *bludhunde*, or slothunde, was of great use, and in high esteem, among our ancestors. Slot means the impression left by the foot of the dog in the mire. This dog was remarkable for the acuteness of his smell, tracing any wounded game that had escaped from the hunter, and following the footsteps of the thief, let the distance of his flight be ever so great. The bloodhound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland, when the Borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours, and was used also by Wallace and Bruce, during the civil wars. The *gasehunde* would select from the herd the fattest and fairest deer, pursue it by the eye, and if lost for a time, recover it, and again select it from the herd which it might have rejoined. (This species is now extinct, or, at least, unknown.) The *grehunde* was the first in rank among dogs, as appears from the forest-laws of Canute, who enacted, 'That no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a greyhound;' as also from an old Welsh saying, which signifies that you may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse,

and grehunde. Notwithstanding the rank it held among the canine race, Caius mentions, on the authority of Froissart, the following fact, not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species:—When that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint Castle, his favourite greyhound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival, Bolingbroke, as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of his former master. This act of ingratitude, the unfortunate monarch observed, and declared aloud, to be the presage of his future death. The *leviner*, or *lyemmer*: the first name is derived from the lightness of the kind; the other from the old word *lyemme*, a thong; this species being used to be led with a thong, and slipped at the game. This dog hunted both by scent and sight, and in the form of its body observed a medium between the hound and the grehunde. They were chiefly used for the chase of wolves. According to Caius, we are indebted to Spain for the *spainel*; but the *comforter*, or *spainel-gentle*, comes from Malta. The *mastive*, or *bandedog*: of these, he says, three were a match for a bear, and four for a lion. It appears that Great Britain was so noted for its mastiffs, that the Roman emperors appointed an officer in this island, with the title of Procurator Cynegeii, whose sole business it was to breed, and transmit from hence to the amphitheatre, such dogs as would prove equal to the combats exhibited at that place. The mastiff has been described, by other naturalists, as a species of great size and strength, and a very loud barker; whence they have derived its name, mastiff, *quasi mase thefesse*; it being supposed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice."

The next anecdote which occurs to us as worthy of extract is to be found in the life of Harvey, the immortal discoverer of the circulation of the blood: it follows—

"Soon after his return from Scotland, the anatomical skill of Harvey was employed, by the king's command, in the dissection of that extraordinary instance of longevity, Thomas Parr, who died November 14, 1635, at the age of 153 years. He was a poor countryman, who had been brought up from his native country, Shropshire, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and shewn as a great curiosity at court. At the age of 88 he had married his first wife; at 102 he had done penance in church, for a breach of the laws provided against incontinency. When he was 120 he married again, taking to wife a widow, with whom he is represented to have lived upon the most affectionate terms. At 130 he had threshed corn, and done other agricultural work, by which he gained his livelihood. His usual habits of life had been most sparing; his diet consisting of coarse brown bread made of bran; of rancid cheese, and sour whey; but when, on his arrival in London, he became domesticated in the family of the Earl of Arundel, his mode of living was changed, he fed high, drank wine, and soon died. According to Harvey, who opened his body, his death was occasioned by a peripneumony, brought on by the impurity of a London atmosphere and the sudden alteration of his diet. There were adhesions of the lungs to the pleura on the right side; his heart was large, his intestines sound; but the cartilages of his ribs, instead of being ossified, as they generally are in elderly persons, were, on the contrary, soft and flexible in this man, who was more than a century and a half old. His brain was sound; he had been blind for twenty years before his death, but his hearing was distinct; his memory was very bad."

In the life of Sydenham we have an episode of the plague, of considerable interest, though it has been so often described; and we fear we may consider the anecdotes of Dr. Radcliffe, amusing as some of them are, to be also too notorious for any chance of novelty.

"Richardson relates of him that he once said to Dr. Mead, 'I love you, and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune; use all mankind ill,'—and it certainly was his own practice. Radcliffe himself owned that he was avaricious, even to spunging (whenever he could contrive to do it), at a tavern reckoning, a sixpence or shilling among the rest of the company, under pretence of hating (as he ever did) to change a guinea, because, said he, *it slips away so fast*. He could never be brought to pay bills without much following and importunity; nor even then, if there appeared any chance of wearying out his creditors. A pavier, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and set upon him. 'Why, you rascal,' said the doctor, 'do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? why you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work.' 'Doctor,' said the pavier, 'mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides.' 'You dog, you,' said Radcliffe, 'are you a wit? you must be poor—come in;' and paid him."

It appears that Radcliffe, who told King William he would not have his two (swollen) legs for his three crowns, and affronted Queen Anne by telling her nothing ailed her but the vapours, if she could only believe it,—was one of those medical men of whom there seems to have been a pretty regular succession in London, and who have got into great note and practice not merely by skill and talents, but by a real or affected rudeness in speech and manners. This is a peculiarity which we have observed in no other liberal professions; and it is difficult to account for it: but the notorious fact is, that there has always been some celebrated bear of the kind flourishing in the metropolis, and that no sooner does one die, than his mantle (we beg pardon, his skin) falls upon a worthy successor.

Of these, the diffident and gentle Gooch, so lately taken from us by death, was not one, and his personal memoir is particularly affecting; though we shall copy from it a portion of more general interest, relating to his literary labours.

"It was (says the writer) at the commencement of the year 1808 that Gooch first appeared in the character of a critic. Several of his friends agreed to establish a new medical journal, and he became one of the principal contributors to the *London Medical Review*, which existed for about five years, and contained many articles of very considerable merit. The great error of all young reviewers is the abuse of assumed power; it is gratifying to self-esteem to point out defects, and the youthful critic is more anxious to discover faults than excellencies. Gooch used often, at a later period of his life, to regret the severity in which he had indulged in some of his early essays in this department. His first article was on the subject of insanity; the book reviewed, a translation of Pinel. By a singular coincidence the first and the last of his literary labours were on the same subject. There is a paragraph in this review which is so applicable to Gooch's own peculiar conformation of mind, that he must have had an eye to himself when he wrote it. 'There are some characters,' he says, 'who are commonly called low-spirited, gloomy, desponding fellows. During an interval of occupation, when the mind

is free to range where it pleases, they are constantly painting their future lives with a pencil dipped in black: Aware that they possess certain resources of money, knowledge, and patronage, they view their present situation in the same light with the most cheerful of their companions. But the character of the man, the extent of his resources, and the usual conduct of the world being given, to find his future lot, he commences his calculations with the same assumptions, and differs from them in the conclusion. They deduce success, he misfortune; and the consequence is, that he becomes a frequent prey to those sorrowful apprehensions and gloomy emotions which want only strength and permanency to constitute one species of mental disease.'"

Poor Gooch! "On the 16th of February, 1830, he breathed his last. Enough has been stated in this brief memoir to shew that Robert Gooch was no ordinary man. During a short life, embittered by almost constant illness, he succeeded in attaining to great eminence in his profession, and left behind him valuable contributions to medical knowledge."

With this we end our notice: if not one of the most sparkling, this volume is not one of the least various and useful of the excellent Library of which it forms a part.

PRYSE LOCKHART GORDON'S MEMOIRS, &c.

AT Bristol,—continuing our review of these amusing volumes—at a future period, the author tells us:

"I happened to meet the celebrated Dean Tucker, who had just published a pamphlet against the American war, which made a great noise. It was one of the first political treatises I had read; and being struck with the reasoning, I could not avoid complimenting the reverend gentleman, saying—'that I should be converted into a *Whig* from his arguments.' Though the praises of such a youth were not highly flattering to a dignity of the church, he seemed gratified, and next day sent me the pamphlet with an invitation to dinner. The dean was a man of singular conversational talents. He advised me to stick to the Tories; 'for depend on it,' said he, 'that gentlemen of the army have no business with politics.' At this party was the father of Lady Holland, Mr. Vassall, a wag, a *bon vivant*, and a whist-player. We cottoned in these propensities, and I was often at his pleasant dinners. I recollect a singular trick which he played on the 'Bristol hogs,' as he called the merchants, to which he made me an accessory. It is well known, that although these merchants have a handsome exchange, they transact all their business in the street, rain or sunshine. Vassall made a bet, that at the usual hour of high change he would collect the whole commercial body within the building. For this purpose he procured a badger and several brace of terriers; and as I had a famous dog, he made me an accomplice. As three o'clock struck, there was a great hubbub in the area of the Exchange, and every one ran to see what was the matter. The dogs were drawing the badger; not an individual dealer, broker, chapman, or merchant, was to be seen in the street while the sports continued; and it was at last found that it was one of Vassall's hoaxes. On another occasion he played one of his practical jokes off on these gentlemen. It was the fashion, 'fifty years ago,' to roast meat by a wheel, in which was enclosed a short-legged cur called a turn-spit. There was hardly any other sort of jack in Bristol;

and Vassall, who had a great love for the canine race, determined to give the turn-spits a holiday; and he fixed on Sunday, as on that day the bakers' ovens were not at work. Our wag, by bribing a batch of vagabonds, contrived to gather together every turn-spit within 'the bills of mortality,' which he shut up in stables, feeding them well. Great was the consternation of 'the hogs' when the cooks struck work, for lack of their marmitons. There was a hue and cry all over the town, and the roasts were put aside for another occasion. In the evening the dogs returned, and, contrary to their patron's calculation, got well trimmed; but he had the satisfaction of hugging himself with the thoughts that the gourmands had a meagre day, and the quadrupeds a holiday. It was soon found out that the trick was got up by Vassall. Miss Vassall was at this time a pretty *piquante* girl of sixteen, and a great favourite of her papa, who played off his tricks on every one but her."

If we can credit Mr. Gordon's recollection, the following is decisive on the disputed question about *breaking the line*. In 1782 he was on service at Rodney's landing, on his return from his celebrated battle in the West Indies, and he says:

"The hero was extremely condescending in his manners. I took an opportunity of complimenting him on the glorious victory he had achieved. 'I owe not a little of my success,' said he, 'to a countryman of yours, who sent to me a description of a plan, demonstrating that by breaking the centre of an enemy's fleet, either the van or rear would be compelled to fight. This gentleman's name is Clerk, a squire near Edinburgh, and who could not be supposed to know much of sea affairs; but his plan appeared to me to be ingenious, and I put it in practice with success; and I intend writing to him to thank him for giving me the first opportunity of shewing the effect of a mode of attacking fleets hitherto unpractised, and which in my opinion is a very important discovery.'"

Mr. Gordon occupied succeeding years by serving in the marines, till the breaking out of the French Revolution, when, after being fifteen years a subaltern, he joined the Fencible regiment raised by the Duke of Gordon, as lieutenant and quarter-master;—by marrying Miss Browne in 1787, and raising a family, as his chief raised a regiment;—and by subsequently travelling as a companion to Lord Montgomery.

As a part of his adventures in the latter sphere, we regret to read some statements very injurious to the memory of Lord Nelson and of Lady Hamilton. The moral repute of the lady it is not ours to defend, nor to go into the story of her connexion with the hero of the Nile; but we firmly believe that she rendered great political services to him and to her country; and we confess we cannot credit such an anecdote as the annexed.

"Shortly after our arrival (at Palermo) we dined with our ambassador. In the evening a stranger was announced as having arrived, bearing a despatch from the Emperor Paul of Russia; the messenger was a Turk. Lady H., with her usual tact, recommended Lord Nelson, for whom the despatch was destined, to clothe himself in his pelisse and aigrette to receive the Turk: this was done in a moment. The party moved to a *salle de réception*. The folding-doors were thrown open, and the Mussulman entered. The moment he caught a glance of his lordship's costume, the slave was prostrate on the earth, making the grand

salaam. This was the scene her ladyship had anticipated, and it was got up with stage effect. The credentials being delivered were found to contain an autograph letter from Paul, complimenting the hero on the glories he had achieved; and in testimony of his majesty's regard, the emperor of all the Russias desired his acceptance of a gold snuff-box, on which was the imperial portrait. The letter (in French) was read to the assembly, and the present exhibited. It was superb, of chaste [chased] gold; the portrait was set with large brilliants, a gift worthy of an emperor. * *

"The only memorable event which occurred at the minister's entertainment, was this warrior getting drunk with rum, which does not come under the prohibition of the prophet. The monster, who had the post of honour at her ladyship's side, entertained her through the interpretation of the Greek with an account of his exploits; among others, that of his having lately fallen in with a French transport, conveying invalids and wounded soldiers from Egypt, whom he had brought on board his frigate; but provisions and water having run short, he found it necessary to get rid of his prisoners, and amused himself by putting them to death. 'With this weapon,' said he, in his vile jargon, and drawing his shabola, 'I cut off the heads of twenty French prisoners in one day! Look, there is their blood remaining on it!' The speech being translated, her ladyship's eye beamed with delight, and she said, 'Oh let me see the sword that did the glorious deed!' It was presented to her; she took it into her fair hand covered with rings, and looking at the encrusted Jacobin blood, kissed it and handed it to the hero of the Nile! Had I not been an eye-witness to this disgraceful act, I would not have ventured to relate it. Mrs. C— L—e, the beautiful and amiable wife of our consul-general, was sitting *vis-a-vis* to the Turk, and was so horrified at the scene (being near her accouchement), that she fainted, and was taken out of the room. Her ladyship said it was a piece of affectation, and made no efforts to assist her guest; the truth is, she was jealous of her beauty, and insinuated that, being a sister of the late Lord E. F., she must, necessarily, be a Jacobin. N.B. She wore green ribands. The toad-eaters applauded, but many groaned, and cried 'shame' loud enough to reach the ears of the admiral, who turned pale, hung his head, and seemed ashamed. Lord M. got up and left the room, and I speedily followed. Poor Nelson was to be pitied—never was man so mystified and deluded!"

On his return to London, Mr. Gordon became acquainted with the late Mr. Perry, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, with whom and his associates he appears to have mixed a good deal in company; frequenting taverns with them in their dissipating hours, and being one of such convivial clubs as in those days, more than now, were the relaxations of literary men; for there were then no United Service, University, Oriental, Athenæum, or Literary Union haunts, with all their pseudo luxuries for novices; and the scribes, our predecessors, were fain to put up with "Humbug" Societies, and others of hardly more imposing denominations.

"Mr. Perry," we are informed, "was very convivial during his whole life, but never neglected his business for pleasure. He was a member of many clubs, one of which, of a very singular nature, originated with him. It was called the 'Humbug Club,' was instituted about forty years ago, and existed for two

seasons. It was a sort of quiz on all institutions, and composed of many men of *esprit* of its time. There were a president and twelve judges, and the meetings were weekly, at a tavern, during three or four of the winter months. The club was assembled by proclamation on the first day of the year, and published in the *Chronicle*: it was written by Mr. Perry, who was the president, designated 'Humbugallo Rex!' and countersigned by his secretary, 'Screech.' These proclamations were very humorous, and may be seen by looking on the files of the paper of 1790 (I think).

When a new member was proposed, he was admitted blind-folded with great ceremony. He was then conducted by a member to the bottom of a large apartment, where he mounted a dozen of almost perpendicular steps, being warned, 'that if he slipped, he would probably break his neck!' When the candidate had ascended to the top of this *rostrum*, and the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself elevated some ten feet above the rest of the company, near the ceiling, and standing on a platform of four feet square, looking on a table round which were sitting the president, his secretary, and twelve judges, all masked, with long beards and black gowns; and in the centre of the table was a cauldron of spirits of wine, which threw a most lugubrious light on these hideous *dramatis personæ*! It required a man of good nerves to look on this *coup d'œil* without being a little agitated. Behind the president's chair was placed on a perch a live owl, whom he consulted in all difficult cases. The secretary, 'Screech,' was ordered to examine the candidate, and the queries were so extremely absurd, that answering them gravely was out of the question: they were merely intended to raise a laugh at the expense of the candidate; but it sometimes happened that a witty reply turned the laugh on the examiner; the candidate was in this case admitted without further questioning. 'Pray, sir, were you present at your birth?' was the first question put to me. 'I do not remember,' said I. 'Are you a sportsman?' 'Yes.' 'Well, suppose you are in a stubble field—the wind being easterly, your dog Nero points, and your bitch Juno backs—a covey of partridges take flight—there are thirteen in it: you kill two birds with the first barrel, and one with the second, how many remain?—take care what you reply, sir; think well before you speak.' 'I did not hesitate, boldly exclaiming, 'ten remained!' 'You may be a good shot, sir,' rejoined my examiner, 'but you have made a bad hit here—why three only remained, the ten flew away!' After having been badgered in this way for ten minutes, I was admitted a member on paying a bottle of claret—the usual fine. If a member became obnoxious to the society, he was got rid of in a summary way. The attorney general was ordered to prosecute him for some alleged crime, and council was appointed to defend him; but he was always 'found guilty, and fined 500*l.* or to quit the club!' Mr. Felix McCarthy, a celebrated personage, was indicted 'for being a coxcomb.' His case was heard at a great length, and he made an able defence without the assistance of council, and was acquitted of the charge, but recommended 'to put on a clean shirt when he went to the club.' Another *worthy*, who was obnoxious to the society, had a practical joke played off on him, which produced great mirth. It was known he had many debts, and that he was afraid of being arrested. A hint was given to him one evening, 'that a suspicious fellow, looking like a bailiff, had got into the house, and was in-

quiring for him.' The bait took, and the same good-natured friend who had given him this information, recommended him to make his escape from the window. Ropes were procured, and the Jew (for he was a Levite) of sixteen stone was lowered into a yard from which there was no outlet. He remained quiet for two hours, fearing discovery; at length he began to hollow out for aid. It came—but he was taken for a thief, and the watch was about to be called, when an explanation saved Moses from the round-house; and he never shewed his face again at the club. This society, however, was short-lived: it became too mixed, and many disagreeable low-bred persons got into it. It died a natural death after the second year. Messrs. Perry and Gray were also members of a club (to which I belonged) at the *British*, in Cockspur Street: it was called 'the Anonymous,' and the meetings were monthly. Many eminent men were members of this society, which lasted till more than half of the club were dead. Professor Porson, Dr. Burney, Dr. Raine, my brother Mr. George Gordon, Mr. John Kemble, and many other men of *esprit*, composed one of the pleasantest societies ever formed, where wit, tempered with good humour, was 'the order of the day.' Toasts from Shakespeare were given, and it was expected that the members were to produce a new one at every meeting. The variety of convivial sentiments found in this great author was astonishing. Dr. Burney, on one occasion, having nothing *new* to propose, gave 'Another can!' All were puzzled to recollect the passage, till Porson exclaimed—'If one can't—another can.' Such was the extraordinary memory and quick imagination of the Greek professor. Out of this club rose another called 'the One Bottle;' but it was short-lived:—'the days of chivalry were gone,' along with many of the wits of the *Anon*. Hewerdine, the convivial poet, was laureate to the Humbug Club, as well as prosecutor-general; and his cross-examinations were never exceeded by Mr. Scarlett in his best days. H. was also ordered to write a constitutional song in eight days, under penalty of an *amende* of 500*l.*! He executed this task in four and twenty hours, and sang it the following evening. It was an admirable piece of humour."

There are still a few miscellaneous matters, to which we shall probably devote another paper.

Mackintosh's History of England.

(Third and concluding Notice.)

To give three notices to a small volume is some proof of the interest it has excited in us: with the present we close our review of Sir James Mackintosh's history.

The rise of the papal sway is well shewn in the following:—

"Hildebrand, who soon after ascended the papal throne, after having reigned over the church for many years, through a succession of his creatures whom he raised to a titular popehood, had then completed the portentous and tremendous scheme of a universal theocracy, administered by the pope, in which all civil rulers were to be treated as subordinate and removable officers. He was the greatest man of his age, combining original genius, commanding spirit, and undaunted courage, with an exemplary life, and with principles which seem to have been disinterested. The astonishing pretensions which had almost triumphed in his vigorous hands were deduced from simple and apparently true premises. Most associations

of men exercise the power of expelling delinquent or obnoxious members; excommunication was accordingly practised by the apostolical church, as it is at this day without dispute by the humblest meetings of Quakers. It would be absurd that civil rank and authority should involve exemption from an ecclesiastical censure. Hitherto the reasoning seems indisputable. The next step was alarming: as the faithful were forbidden to hold intercourse with any man excommunicated, they could scarcely perform any active duty towards him. It therefore became unfit for the subjects of an excommunicated king to obey him in peace or to serve him in war; and when the sovereign pontiff expressly absolved them from their allegiance, he seemed only to warn his children against the necessary consequence of acting under the commands of a man excluded from participation in sacred rites. Another reason, equally simple, offered itself. In the many contests between different states, or between subjects and their rulers, it was often difficult to determine on which side justice lay. As it was their moral duty to satisfy their conscience on that head before they proceeded to or persevered in violence, they could not consult any person more likely to be learned or impartial than the common father of Christians. As a king took the advice of the private director of his conscience, so it became him to recur, in great difficulties, to the general confessor of Christians. It could not be blamable in the pope to offer his mediation to prevent the effusion of Christian blood. The rejection of his good offices naturally indicated conscious guilt, and might be so contumacious as to justify a recourse to spiritual censures. In watching over the safety of the church, it was the duty of the pope to take care that the acts of civil governments should not endanger it. Of the reality and extent of the danger he alone could judge; and he had no effectual means of defending the church but by excluding enemies from her communion. As all subjects who abetted the aggressions of their rulers against the spiritual power were accomplices in that heinous crime, the pope might defend himself by the formidable sentence of a universal interdict, in the territory of the delinquents, of all those religious rites on which depended many of the most important transactions of life, and in the opinion of the parties interested, their eternal salvation."

The view taken of the crusades strikes us as peculiarly just.

"No war is just which is not defensive. By that principle the expeditions for the recovery of the Holy Land must, like all other wars, be tried. It must be owned, at the outset, that the Europeans of that age did not conform to the technical rules of our international law. They did not make a formal demand of reparation for wrong, and of security against danger. They did not inquire whether the possession of Palestine could directly add to their means of defence. Nor did they content themselves with a moderate succour to the Greek empire, as some modern philosophers have required. But, is the disregard of technical rules always attended by violations of their principle? There was no doubt that embassy and negotiation would be vain. It was lawful for them to defend the safe exercise of their religious worship in Palestine; and it was for them to determine where they could best defend any of their rights which were either violated or threatened. The avowed principle of all Mahometans, that they are entitled to universal monarchy—a principle consecrated by their religion, and enforced by

their law,—might, in itself, be considered as a perpetual declaration of war against states of a different faith. But in the eleventh century this insolent pretension was maintained by arms, with a success very alarming to Christendom. About that time Europe, in different parts of her frontier, shewed the sense of danger by beginning to resist the invaders. The expeditions against the northern and Sarmatian pagans manifested the like vague and confused fear in an unwarrantable form. The tottering state of the Greek empire, and the successive invasions from Tatars, which renewed the valour and barbarism of the southern Mahometans, combined to threaten the eastern frontier of Christendom. The Mahometans acted on one principle, and as one body. The Christians were justified in acting, and compelled to act with the like union. According to the most rigid principles of international law, an attack on any Mahometan territory was an act of self-defence: it was the means of securing themselves against attack. The European rulers could undertake no such perilous enterprise without the hearty and enthusiastic concurrence of their people. Nothing but a strong feeling could have bound together all the scattered power of a feudal force. It was lawful to rouse their spirit against the wrong-doers, and excite a zeal necessary for the effectual exercise of just defence. The only means by which these ends could be reached were an appeal to the fellow-feeling and religious sentiments of the body of their subjects. These grand springs of human action were made to act by an expedition for the safety of the pilgrims to Jerusalem, who could not be really safe without the establishment of a Christian authority in Palestine. No cold representation of distant and disputable dangers could have put such masses in motion. But were not the feelings of the people perfectly justifiable? Is it true that nations, while they may maintain at the point of the sword every rock and islet of their old possessions, are forbidden to defend the undisturbed exercise of religion, which may (and if it be real, must) be their dearest and most precious interest? The assault on their territory cannot more wound and degrade them than outrage towards what they most reverence. They had acquired, by a usage older than Mahometan power, a right peaceably to visit Bethlehem and Calvary, and their rulers were morally bound to protect that right. As every state may maintain its honour because it is essential to its safety, so Europe had a right to defend her common honour, which consisted materially in resisting, or averting by chastisement, attacks on her common religion. It is not true that every war which is disinterested and generous, which is waged for our fellow-Christians against persecution, or for our fellow-men against tyranny, is on these accounts forbidden by the true principles of international law. Though it be dangerous to allow too much latitude where virtuous motives may be used as pretexts, yet it is also certain that every nation which supinely contemplates flagrant wrong done to others, weakens its spirit as well as lessens its reputation. They, on the other hand, who draw the sword for justice on behalf of other wronged nations, carry back to their own defence a remembrance which gives them the strength of an approving conscience in their own cause. A just and brave people may be wrongfully deprived of the confidence and esteem of other nations; but they cannot be bereaved of the efficacy of such remembrances, in assuring them that they who fought for justice alone in the case of others, may contend more

for right than interest in their own. If it be good for an individual to be disinterested, to help the miserable, to defend the oppressed, these virtues must equally contribute to the well-being, the honour, and the safety of communities. The European law of nations is well adapted to a body of states of the same general character, not differing from each other too widely in civilisation, and professing a reverence for the like principles of justice. In the ordinary wars of such nations, the rules of international law are of sacred authority. In relations spreading through communities of a different character, and on occasions too new and great to be embraced by precedent, the principles of that law retain their inviolability, but its rules may sometimes yield for the sake of the principle. It seems morally evident, that whatever a nation may lawfully defend for themselves, they may also defend for another people, if called upon to interpose. It is true that ambition often converts these principles into pretexts; but ambition deals in the same manner with all the purest motives of human conduct. Our blame is not in such cases to be lessened: it is to be applied, not to the principle avowed, but to the hypocrisy and fraud practised by the ambitious. Much doubt has been brought on these questions by the general condemnation of religious wars. This is an equivocal phrase. Wars to impose religion by force are the most execrable violation of the rights of mankind: wars to defend it are the most sacred exercise of these rights."

On the first war to preserve the balance of power, Sir James remarks:

"The support given by Louis le Gros to Robert and his gallant son, as well as to the malecontent nobles of Normandy, may be considered as the earliest precautionary wars to preserve such a balance in the force of neighbouring states, that one or a few might not acquire the means of oppressing the rest."

House of Brunswick.—"In 1165 the Elector of Cologne came to London to espouse the princess Matilda, the king's eldest daughter, as the proxy of Henry the Lion, duke of Saxony, a puissant, ambitious, and magnificent prince, who was spoiled of his dominions by a decree of the imperial diet, in 1180, and who twice took refuge in England from the pursuit of his triumphant enemies. It is a remarkable circumstance, that his posterity by this lady, who out of the vast dominions of their ancestor preserved only the duchies of Brunswick and Lüneburgh, after the lapse of near six hundred years, came back to the throne of a greater England than the empire of the Plantagenets, to be held by a nobler tenure than that of birth. At the espousals the Earl of Leicester would not kiss the archbishop-elect, because he was excommunicated as an adherent of the anti-pope Octavian."

Maid of Orleans.—"It is true that her accusers and all others then believed in the reality of sorcery: and the most important lesson taught by the event is the value of that knowledge, the fruit of free inquiry and fearless reflection, which has banished such imaginary crimes from the civilised world."

These are but a few of the acute and original remarks with which these pages abound; and in continuing his work as he has begun, Sir James Mackintosh will confer a great benefit on his country.

Juvenile Library, No. I.—(Conclusion).

THE length to which the story of Sir T. Lawrence's early days is carried, has compelled us

to make a third paper of this interesting illustration of precocious talent.

"At four, young Lawrence could take crayon likenesses; and it is a very remarkable fact, that at the age of five, his drawings of eyes forcibly attracted the attention of Mr. Prince Hoare, at Bath. Fuseli, who was fond of depreciating the merits of Sir Thomas, would conclude a detracting sentence, by uttering with his energy and strong emphasis—

'But he paints eyes better than Titian.' At seven, the fame of Lawrence induced Sherwin to publish an engraving of his portrait; and an eminent author speaks of the child's wonderful faculty at taking likenesses. The same writer expresses his delight at the boy's recitations. He describes him as reciting from Milton and Shakespeare, with discrimination, feeling, and humorous set-off, by appropriate attitudes, gestures, and varieties of tones; with a voice full, harmonious, and flexible. It may be remarked, that the 'Black Bear' at Devizes was frequented by Garrick, Foote, Wilkes, Churchill, Barry, Henderson, Burke, Sheridan, and other great wits and orators; and no doubt the child must have attracted their attention, and benefited by their remarks. On one occasion, we find Sir William Chambers, the architect, praising the child's talents, and Colonel Von Homrich giving him a guinea for his beautiful hand-writing. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, when they were at Devizes, used to take the child into a summer-house, and amuse themselves by his clever remarks and declamation. When they arrived at the Black Bear, their first inquiry was for Master Thomas, and whether he had learnt any more speeches. Mr. Hugh Boyd, one of the supposed authors of Junius, was so enraptured with the beauty and cleverness of the child, that he invited the father, for the sake of the son, to his house in town—we think, in Berkeley Square. They stayed with him several weeks, during which he took the child to the houses of eminent persons, whom he delighted with his extraordinary talents, particularly with his pencil. His copying some success, at the house of Mr. Richard Lee, is spoken of as a very surprising proof of juvenile talent.

The first painting that Lawrence ever saw, except the daubs upon the country inns, or the portraits over the farmers' chimney-places, was in 1777, when he was eight years old, and was taken through Corsham House, the seat of the Methuen family. Going over the rooms, the visitants totally forgot the child, and, retracing their steps, they found him in one of the rooms, rivetted to the spot by a painting of Rubens.—'Ah, I shall never be able to paint like that!' was his exclamation upon their removing him from the picture. At the age of ten, suddenly, and at his own suggestion, our young artist burst, from taking likenesses, into original compositions of the highest class. He painted as a subject, Christ reproving Peter for denying him before Pilate; and Reuben's application to his father, that Benjamin might accompany his brethren into Egypt. Encouraged in these attempts, he next chose for a subject 'Haman and Mordecai,' which he finished with great rapidity. The fame of the juvenile artist now spread among the higher families of Wiltshire and the neighbouring counties; and we find Mr. Wild, of Ludworth Castle, taking him to the Earl of Pembroke's, at Wilton, and to the mansions of other noblemen and gentlemen, who possessed galleries of the eminent masters. * * * Mr. Lawrence now felt the narrow circumstances of his family. The Black Bear at Devizes had not

proved a fortunate speculation, and for obvious reasons. Whilst the father was revelling in poetry and speeches, and attending to the drawings of his son, the hosts of the rival inns were attending to the drawing of the corks, and to all the details of their business. In 1779, Mr. Lawrence and his family were obliged to leave Devizes. In the first instance they proceeded to Oxford, Mr. Lawrence's design being to turn his son's talents to some profitable account. The boy was only ten years of age, and yet to him was the family obliged to look for assistance. The Bishop of Oxford, and many of the dignitaries of the University, in their way to Bath, had witnessed the extraordinary talents of the innkeeper's child at Devizes; and upon their return to Oxford, his genius had been the subject of much discussion. When, therefore, it was known that Mr. Lawrence and his family had arrived in the city, the father was much noticed, and the child as much caressed. The boy's pencil was in immediate requisition.

* * * In 1782, his father repaired to Bath, and fixed his residence in Alfred Place, where he was soon surrounded by the most intellectual and refined of the nobility and fashion of the place. Bath, at that time, was as the west end of London, devoid of its mixed society and vulgarity, and it was the temporary sojourn of all that was titled, affluent, or distinguished. By these was young Lawrence patronised; and it became a fashion to sit for his oval crayon portraits, the price of which was soon raised from one guinea to a guinea and a half. * * * At seventeen, he made his first attempt in oils. The subject was Christ bearing the Cross, and the canvass was eight feet high. After this large painting in oils, of Christ bearing the Cross, young Lawrence painted his own portrait in oils. In this, he had evidently aimed at the style of Rembrandt in his middle life, when he had neglected his high finish, and availed himself of the broad fulness of the brush, with deep contrasts and sudden transitions, and with great breadth of light and shade.

On arriving in London, Lawrence was in his eighteenth year. His father immediately hired a very handsome suite of apartments (at four guineas a-week) over a pastrycook's shop in Leicester-square. This at once indicates his love of display and his possession of funds. These lodgings were within sight of the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose study and drawing-rooms were daily visited by the nobility and the wealthy and celebrated persons in London. This was a sight inspiring to a lad of real genius and laudable ambition. Provincial and metropolitan fame are very distinct; and notwithstanding young Lawrence's having been the phenomenon of Bath, his having received the medal of the Society of Arts, and his juvenile drawings having been talked of in London and Paris, these were scarcely sufficient introduction to a step so bold as that of challenging the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the height of his fame and splendour. But Sir Joshua was kind, and easy of access to persons of decided talents; and Mr. Prince Hoare had paved the way for the president's noticing young Lawrence. Sir Joshua, in reply to an application from the father, immediately appointed an interview; and young Lawrence, with the sensibility inseparable from worth and talents, was taken to the painting-room of this favoured head of the English school of art. Sir Joshua was forcibly struck by the beauty, and fine figure, and graceful manners of the lad; and he received

him with an attention and a benignity that dissipated his apprehensions and restored him to self-possession. As they entered, Sir Joshua was examining the specimen of another juvenile aspirant, who had evidently come upon the same object. The youth stood in trembling expectation of the decision of the oracle, which was to determine his course of life; and after some ominous hums and hahs, some positive blame, and some condemning with faint praise, the Mæcenas dismissed him with the negative encouragement of 'Well, well, go on, go on.' The situation of young Lawrence during this scene may be easily imagined. Sir Joshua now inspected the oil portrait of young Lawrence, of which I have already spoken. He was evidently much struck with it. He discerned those marks of genius which gave promise of the future fame of the artist. He bestowed on the painting a very long scrutiny, in, as young Lawrence thought, an alarming contrast to the more hasty glance with which he had dismissed the other. At last he addressed the youth with an air of kindness, though serious and impressive: 'Stop, young man, I must have some talk with you. Well, I suppose you think this is very fine, and this colouring very natural, hey, hey?' He then broke into a sterner tone, and began to analyse the performance, and to point out imperfections sufficient, in the alarmed imagination of the sensitive lad, to destroy all hope of being a great painter. Presently, altering his tone, he began to shew the 'other side' of the picture—its merits; and he concluded in a mild manner, 'It is very clear you have been copying the old masters; but my advice to you is to study nature; apply your talents to nature, and don't copy paintings.' He then took him by the hand, and kindly told him he was welcome, whenever he chose to call. Young Lawrence was always well received by Sir Joshua from that hour to his last illness, which occurred four years after. Mr. Lawrence possessed every element of worldly success; and when the frequent parties of titled and eminently intellectual persons found he had the *entré* into Sir Joshua's house; and when they witnessed the pleasure which this really great and good man took in noticing the young aspirant, they drew inferences both of his talents and of his future success. He was quickly noticed by persons of consequence, and became a general favourite. Very shortly after, his majesty and the queen expressed their desire to patronise him. This is remarkable, for the late king had never given a single order to Sir Joshua Reynolds; and his gratification in art was at that time exclusively confined to the pencil of Mr. West. Sir Joshua had painted his majesty twice, but on each occasion at his own instance, and at his own expense.

At the death of Sir Joshua, Mr. Lawrence had not completed his twenty-third year, and yet numerous honours were bestowed on him, in preference to his very able competitors. The race was honourable to all; and his success was merited, and therefore excited no mean or malignant passions. The Dilettanti Society unanimously chose him to succeed Sir Joshua, as their painter, though, to effect this, they were obliged to rescind a regulation, which prevented the admission to the Society of any person who had not crossed the Alps. Mr. Lawrence's foot had never quitted the soil of England. His majesty also appointed him to succeed Sir Joshua Reynolds as painter in ordinary; and he was raised from the rank of associate to an academician."

For the reasons assigned at the beginning

of our first notice, we are compelled entirely to pass over a detailed description of the numerous and splendid works, the successive production of which placed Sir Thomas Lawrence, by common consent, at the head of his profession as a portrait-painter; and must confine ourselves to copy a few personal anecdotes of this amiable as well as celebrated man.

"On one occasion, a widow of a poor artist was told, in her distress, 'to try Mr. Lawrence,' and she was buoyed up to expect \$l. from him, 'as he was a liberal man.' She repaired to his house, and created very strongly his sympathy for her misfortunes. Having left the house, she unfolded the paper he had given her; and, what was her astonishment to find it not a five but a fifty pound note! Mr. B., the artist, was in great pecuniary distress, which came to the ears of Sir Thomas. One morning Mr. B. unexpectedly called upon a mutual friend, in every appearance of gladness. It was to relate, that Sir Thomas Lawrence had sent him a present of a 100*l.* note, which, added Mr. B., 'has relieved me from my distress, and has made my wife's heart leap for joy.' When his man, Robert, who had long been in the habit of setting his palettes, &c. for him, fell ill, Sir Thomas used to call on him at his lodgings, sit with him, and read to him; and he supported him to his death. When he went down to Haslar, to attend his brother's funeral, he witnessed the total destruction of the hut of a poor waterman, by the gale, which was so violent as to do very considerable damage to many public works. The wretchedness of the poor man, with his wife and numerous children in a state of nakedness, as they saw their whole property swept away, made a deep impression upon Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose mind was already oppressed with melancholy. He entered into the feelings of the sufferers, but what he gave them we know not; this, however, is known, that when a few years afterwards, he again went to Portsmouth to witness the death of his remaining brother, he found the man and his family prosperous in a small cottage, and received from them their warmest gratitude for having 'enabled them to do well in the world.' After the funeral, he took leave of these poor people; and, praising their sober and industrious habits, he gave them a ten-pound note.—Sir Thomas sometimes defended himself very humorously from the encroachments of sordid avarice, as well as from the annoyance of silly and purse-proud vanity. On one occasion, when a lady of property wished her portrait taken gratis, on the ground that her face would make a capital picture that would do the artist credit, Sir Thomas concluded his neatly turned and delicately ironical compliments to her beauty, with, 'but it is some years since I painted for fame.' When a wealthy lady was once exceedingly desirous that her portrait should be worth the money, she concluded every expression of sordid fear with the question, 'But how will you paint it, Sir Thomas?' Sir Thomas, with great good humour, kept making the reply, 'Why, madam, you pay to have it well done, do you not?' On the other hand, he would often paint from friendship. An old friend begged him to recommend a cheap but competent artist, to take the likeness of his nephew, who was about to sail to India. Sir Thomas duly promised, but, as usual, deferred the execution, until he was told that it was too late. He was evidently chagrined; but, to make amends, he made the young gentleman call upon him the next morning very early, and in a few hours took an admirable likeness, which he sent as a present to the uncle. * * *

His kindness to animals was excessive. It was not in his nature to inflict or to witness pain. In a letter to a lady he says, 'Have you had more letters from Sir Walter? (Scott.) How sincerely sorry I am to learn that his favourite hound is dead. A selfish regret has great part in this feeling, for the fine animal was to have been my subject.' * * * No man was ever more affectionate to relations. On the death of a niece, whose portrait he had taken, and had had engraved, he writes to a friend, in great depression of spirits—'I have lost a sweet, good, modest little being, in my niece Susan; but who can, for the innocent, lament the death of the innocent? It is a severe affliction to her parents, sisters, and friends. I feel thankful that this one talent, which God has given me, has, in this case, afforded consolation to my good sister and her family, by perpetuating the form, and expressing the nature, of this lovely lamented being, my dear Susan.' * * * No idea could have been entertained that the dissolution of this amiable and enlightened man was so fast approaching. On the 24th of December, a fortnight before his death, he dined alone with an old and confidential friend. In the course of conversation he observed that, from the regularity of his living, and the care he took of his health, he thought he might attain a good old age; but nevertheless he would wish to insure his life for 5000*l.*; and telling his age, he asked what would be the premium. He fixed on the Friday to effect the assurance—on the previous day he expired!"

We now conclude; and shall only hint at the expediency of making such volumes as these school-books. Young persons are drudged through the same thing so often, that they lose all interest in what is placed before them to read. Their tasks are truly so. But give them novelty combined with merit, to attract, to exercise, and to form their minds, and their lessons may be made pleasures to which they will devote themselves with greater alacrity than to the play-ground itself.

The Epping Hunt. By T. Hood, Esq. &c.

A SECOND edition of this whimsical *jeu d'esprit* does not call upon us to enter on another wild goose chase; and we only notice it for the sake of copying the announcement by which we find it accompanied, and which promises us another hearty laugh with our punning friend, and his able graphic condjutor, George Cruikshank. It is as follows—and worthy of the author:

"Many persons having expressed a desire that the 'Epping Hunt' should have a companion, the author immediately expressed his readiness to comply with the wish as soon as he could provide himself with a suitable subject. In consequence, numerous hints, recommendations, and applications, have been forwarded to him from all quarters—the proprietors of sundry wakes and revels preferring very urgent requests in behalf of their own sports. Above all, the inhabitants of Epsom made such a grand stand for the Epsom races, that he was induced to take his course to theirs. The result has been satisfactory. Instructed by the gentlemen of the betting ring how to 'make up a book,' he is preparing a little volume, to be called 'Epsom Races,' illustrative of the yearly festival on those celebrated Downs. It will be accompanied, as usual, by various appropriate designs, or, to speak in turf language, with several 'plates for all ages.' Due notice of the time of starting will be given by public

advertisement; and to avoid any thing *oraclic*, be sure to ask for Hood's *Epsom*."

Anti-Draco; or, Reasons for abolishing the Punishment of Death in Cases of Forgery. By a Barrister of the Middle Temple. Pp. 49. London, 1830. Ridgway.

WHOEVER the writer of this pamphlet is, he has done himself great honour. It is an admirable production—humane in principle, forcible in argument, profound in legal acquirements, beautiful in morality, and irresistible in its general conclusion. Unless, indeed, the people of a country had become hardened by usage to the horrid spectacle of human life continually and ignominiously sacrificed for crimes of the least, equally as for crimes of the deepest, atrocity, the publication of such an appeal never could have been necessary. Death has truly been called the remedy for all human ills: our bloody statute-book seems to have considered it the remedy for all human offences. Except where modified by sheer accident—the caprice of a judge, the condition of a calendar, the under-word of a constable or a gaoler,—it has said alike, let the remorseless murderer die, let the forger of a name for a few pounds of property die; let the cruel violator of the person die, and let the petty thief who has broken a pane of glass and stolen a pocket-handkerchief, let him die!! Hang the sanguinary monster who has butchered a whole family; ay, and hang the famishing wretch who has robbed the flock of a single lamb. Let the "protecting genius of the public executioner" guard our lives from the assassin, our midnight rest from the burglar, our pocket from the coiner and forger, our property from the picker and stealer. But we will not attempt to go over any of the ground so ably occupied by the production before us; and we have only to add, that it demonstrates the utter inconsistency and insufficiency of the reform which has just been sanctioned by the legislature. The comfort is, that the good work is begun, and that it cannot stop.*

A Letter addressed to Thomas Simpson, M.D. (of York), on the Subject of Horse Exercise; pointing out the Cause of its pre-eminent Utility, as illustrated by the Author's own Case. Pp. 23. London, Underwood; Baldwin and Co.; Longman and Co.; York, Barclay; and Edinburgh, Lizars.

THE pre-eminent utility of horse exercise, "as illustrated by the author's own case"—we wish we could add, and by his reviewer's; but a terrible downfall the other day has not only

* A novel and striking mode of illustrating the force of public opinion on this question has just appeared: it consists of a map of the kingdom in which no place is laid down but such cities, towns, &c. (214 in number) as have petitioned against the punishment of death for forgery. It is so well filled a chart, that we must think a judge would be most painfully circumstanced were he to leave an offender for execution for the crime of forgery at any of these, or indeed any other assize town. In this predicament, a strong inducement is held out for the commission of forgery; and nothing can be more injurious than the present unsatisfactory state of the subject, with the law one way, and the popular sentiment so strong the other way, as to render the carrying the law into effect almost impossible. It is worthy of remark, that this, however, is not the only temptation to crime which has recently been held out from high quarters; for, if we can believe the newspaper reports from the Old Bailey, Mr. Baron Garrow has incautiously cheered on the guilty of every class to try their hands, by the chance of escape which he tells them is now reserved for them in the Capital Lottery. The jury had recommended some convict to mercy, and the judge is reported to have said—"he had great pleasure in telling the jury that, from what he had recently observed, their recommendation would meet with every attention in the proper quarter. The royal mercy was unbounded, and would in future be exercised in every case that called for its interposition." Has it not been so heretofore?

put us *hors de combat* as it regards such an addition, but almost past the power of offering any opinion upon the subject. The writer asserts that the motion of his horse produced an increased *aridissement* of the blood in the lungs, and thus restored him from debility: but the motion of ours caused a profuse *oosement* of blood from the head, and has thus reduced us to debility. Perhaps much depends on the mode of riding, and especially on the horse. For instance, if the author's horse had tumbled with him at a smart canter, and made such equal wounds on its own knees and his caput that it would be difficult to tell which were the worst, he would not have published this pamphlet. But it seems to have been a gentle, medical beast; and he to have derived great benefit by keeping upon its back, whilst at the same it kept its legs. On the whole, therefore, maimed as we are, we are still inclined to join in the recommendation of equestrianism, to bring atmospheric air into the lungs and invigorate the vital principles.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PESTILENTIAL DISORDERS.

A REPORT made by M. Moreau de Jonnés to the *Conseil Supérieur de Santé*, at Paris, contains a number of facts with respect to the irruption and progress of pestilential disorders in the year 1829; from which we extract the following:—

The Plague.—Favoured by the occurrences of the war in the East, the plague appeared in 1829 at several parts of the shore of the Black Sea. In the month of July it visited Varna, the neighbourhood of Odessa, and some of the vessels of the Russian squadron. Towards the end of August it manifested itself at Sevastopol, the grand maritime arsenal of Russia in the Black Sea. Two cordons of troops formed round the town, prevented its spreading into the interior of the Crimea.

The Cholera Morbus.—This terrible scourge, which for twelve years had afflicted all the countries in Asia, seems to have had its power limited in 1829. It was not so in the preceding year. In the month of April it appeared in Bengal, and attacked with violence the garrisons and inhabitants of Calcutta, Cawnpore, and Chittagong. In the month of June it appeared in Bombay, at the other extremity of the Indian peninsula; and in October attacked Madras and its neighbourhood. It was introduced into Borneo, and infected the Dutch garrison of Pontiana. The greatest mortality, however, occurred in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. Whole villages were depopulated; and in the city several public functionaries, and many of the inhabitants of the first classes of society, perished after eight hours' illness; some after only two.

The Yellow Fever.—In 1829, the yellow fever extended its ravages to a less number of places in America than usual. There was no appearance of it at Martinique, or Guadaloupe, throughout the year. The great Antilles were not so fortunate. The yellow fever existed at Port Royal in Jamaica in the month of April. In the first ten days of May, thirty sailors belonging to the crew of the *Magnificent* fell victims to it. In July it reigned on board the merchant vessels in the Road of Havannah; and the hospitals were filled with individuals who had been attacked by it. Nevertheless, the island of Portico Rico, which is separated from Cuba only by a narrow channel, remained entirely free from it. New Orleans imported it in the month of October from Havannah;

and its ravages were so dreadful, that it destroyed almost all whom it attacked. For six weeks, from twenty-five to thirty persons died daily in the town; and in the country in proportion. This is attributed to the want of proper precaution; and the American journalists assert, that in consequence of similar negligence, the population of New Orleans has been thrice renewed in ten years!

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON in the chair.—Many donations connected with oriental literature and art were made to the Society; amongst these we noticed Captain Macan's collated edition of the original Persian text of the celebrated poem of Firdousee, entitled, the *Shah Nameh*, or *Book of Kings*.

Mr. Houghton's account of a tombstone, lately presented to the Society by Mr. Samuel Broughton, was read. This curious relic of eastern antiquity was obtained by the late Mr. Salt, when in company with Lord Valentia, at a town called Dhalac el Kibeer, near Massowah, on the Red Sea coast of Abyssinia. It is of the kind commonly called clinkstone, and is in a wonderful state of preservation, when its great age is considered. The inscription upon it is very slightly engraved, but quite perfect, and bears date A. H. 439, answering to A. D. 1047. The inscription is Arabic, written in Cufic characters, and consists of fourteen lines, of which the first nine and a half contain the usual formula of monumental inscriptions, being a passage from the Koran; after which comes the following:—"This is the grave of Fatima, the daughter of Muhammad, the tailor. She was buried on the Sabbath day (Saturday), the 10th of the Muharram (6th July), in the year 439. Praise be to God, and may his blessing be upon Muhammad and his descendants. The peace of God be with you!"

A notice respecting the natives of New Guinea, by W. Marsden, Esq., followed the preceding paper. The observations in it principally refer to the existence of cannibalism among the natives of that island; and the information supplied was derived by Mr. Marsden through the medium of the Malayan language, from two Lascar seamen of the East India Company's ship *Northumberland*, who with many others were carried off by the natives during a temporary visit of the ship in March 1783, but who were subsequently released through the interference of a neighbouring rajah. We omit the details respecting the habits and customs of these islanders contained in Mr. Marsden's communication.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

In referring to the subjoined appointments, which we understand to have been this week made by the council of this institution, we are bound to add, that we consider them as constituting an auspicious earnest of the talent which will characterise those departments to which the professors remain yet to be appointed:—To the professorship of mathematics, the Rev. T. G. Hall, of Magdalen College, Cambridge; surgery, J. H. Green, Esq.; practice of physic, Dr. F. Hawkins; anatomy and physiology, Herbert Mayo, Esq.; theory of physic and therapeutics, Dr. Biset Hawkins.

NORTHERN LIBRARIES.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I have esteemed it fortunate that the same columns which are so vigilant in the

cause of virtue and honour, should have been selected to promulgate my appeal in favour of the Northern Libraries.

I would now beg to acquaint you, that my request has been supported by the liberal contributions of Earl Spencer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, Sir Frederick B. Watson, Archdeacon Butler, Thomas Rickman, Esq., William Lloyd, Esq., John Lee, Esq., LL.D., Joshua Watson, Esq., Capt. W. H. Smyth, Rev. Peter Fraser, and Sampson Hanbury, Esq., and by other kind patrons of literature, whose choice selections of books will open a wide field of study to the industrious inhabitants of those inclement regions; and be the means of directing their attention to many important subjects, from which science may be expected to draw a rich harvest.

As the amount (250*l.*) which I anticipate is, however, far from being complete, I would again invite the co-operation of those who are friendly to the progress of knowledge; and I beg to add, that I shall keep the sentiments expressed in my former appeal open for a month or six weeks, after which time the whole collection will be confided to the integrity and discretion of Professor Rafn.

I have the honour to be, &c.

NICHOLAS CARLISLE.

Somerset Place.

THE BYZANTINE HISTORIANS.

THE collection of the works of the Byzantine historians, publishing under the auspices of M. Niebuhr and other able philologists, is rapidly advancing to its close. Georgius Syncellus, and Nicephorus C.P., have recently appeared at Bonn. Syncellus, by no means one of the least important of these writers, has been intrusted to the revision of M. Dindorf, whose works have rendered him justly celebrated. In a short preface, M. Dindorf states that he has availed himself of two manuscripts in the Paris library. The one served as the basis of the first edition published at Paris in 1652, by Father Goar; the other is mentioned in Bredow's *Parisian Letters*. M. Dindorf calls Goar *mediocris homo doctrinæ, artis critica faculæ nullâ, negligentia incredibili*; but has nevertheless reprinted his *Chronological Canon*, his *Notes*, and even his *Index*! The republication of Syncellus must, however, be very serviceable at the present moment, facilitating as it does a knowledge of the dynasties of Egypt. As for Nicephorus, that Archbishop of Constantinople merely gave a *chronographia compendiaria*, an abridgment, in which facts have been intercalated, posterior to his epoch.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sylvæ Britannica; or, Portraits of Forest Trees, distinguished for their Antiquity, Magnitude, or Beauty. Drawn from Nature by Jacob George Strutt. Royal 8vo.

WHEN this work appeared in its folio shape, in the year 1828, it was noticed in the *Literary Gazette* with the commendation which was its due. We think Mr. Strutt perfectly justified in the hope which he expresses in his preface to the present publication, namely, "that this comparatively small edition will afford a gratification similar to that which a lover of art derives from comparing a finished miniature with the same subject in full size—fidelity of representation being alike adhered to in both instances." It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Strutt finely observes, that, "independently of

all other considerations, trees afford such delightful individuality, joined with such exquisite variety of character, and bring with them so many charming and hallowed associations of liberty and peace, of rural enjoyment or contemplative solitude, of the sports of childhood or the meditations of old age,—in short of all that can refresh or exalt the soul,—that it is wonderful they have not hitherto been more decided objects of interest to the painter and the amateur, than merely what may arise from their introduction, rather as accidents in pictorial delineation, than as pictures in themselves: yet what can afford more delightful contrast in landscape than the giant strength of the oak, with the flexible elegance of the ash; the stately tranquillity of the elm, with the tremulous lightness of the poplar; the bright and varied foliage of the beech or sycamore, with the funeral majesty of the cedar or yew; all differing in form and character, as in colour." We can scarcely conceive a more agreeable way of enjoying an autumn than, with Mr. Strutt's volume in our hands, to pay our court to all the sylvan monarchs whom he has so happily depicted and described.

Great Britain Illustrated. From Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A.; with Descriptions by Thomas Moule. Nos. 24, 25, 26, and 27. Tilt.

This pleasing publication is proceeding with uniform fidelity, neatness, and elegance.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Engraved by William and Edward Finden. Part III. Tilt.

"MINKWOOD MERE," from a drawing by G. Barret, and "Solway Frith from Allonby," from a drawing by Copley Fielding, are our favourites in the present Part.

The Ruins and Scenery of South Wales. From Drawings after Nature by J. E. H. Robinson. Executed on Stone by J. E. H. Robinson and J. S. Templeton. Engelmann and Co.

"The Castle and Monastic Ruins, and other Architectural Antiquities of Wales," observes the prospectus of this interesting publication, "are very numerous; those of South Wales exceeding fifty; and are justly celebrated for their picturesque beauty, and variously interesting expression. Many of them are in high preservation, and from their generally bold and elevated situations, objects of commanding attraction and interest. The scenery that surrounds them is generally fine, and often extremely captivating and impressive." The present is the first of twelve numbers, each containing six plates, in which these ruins and this scenery are to be represented. The plates are executed in a very free and pleasing style of lithography.

Dr. Wollaston. Drawn by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. Engraved by F. C. Lewis. Tiffin. A MASTERLY and beautiful imitation of Sir Thomas's drawing of this eminent man; of whom it has been justly remarked, that "there are few persons whose names are more intimately connected with the general history of learning and science in the nineteenth century."

The Fall of Nineveh. By John Martin. MR. MARTIN has re-produced this splendid picture, as he has done his former great works, in mezzotint; and thus multiplied the proofs of his extraordinary genius, in embodying in a picture the terrible scene described by the prophet Nahum.

Our pages have already dwelt upon the merits of this sublime and poetical production; so that nothing is now requisite from us but a notice of the engraving. And when we say that it possesses the grandeur of the original, and conveys the same powerful impressions to the mind, we need hardly add another syllable to recommend it to the public attention. It is, indeed, a glorious conception—the living desperation and ruin in the foreground—the magnificent architecture, doomed so soon to perish, too, though apparently built for eternity—and the elemental strife of the threatening heavens, are all combined in the wide swoop of desolation. In one word, the sheet is an *epic*.

M. Boai.—A lithographic representation of our friend the chin-chopper is to be acknowledged as a resemblance of this odd performer.

A Medallion of George the Fourth. Engraved by A. J. Stothard, Medal Engraver in ordinary, by special appointment, to the King. A MEDALLION, executed in the style and taste in which this appears, cannot fail of becoming a popular and cherished memorial of our late and much-lamented Sovereign. Its character, as a work of art, may rank it among the first of its class. The proportion of its relief is admirably calculated to give a perfect idea of the features, and indeed to convey to the mind one of the best resemblances we have ever seen. We are well aware of the high value of this species of art, both as preserving the likenesses of the illustrious great, as recording national services, and as commemorating important events; and we are happy to find in Mr. A. J. Stothard the power and ability of meeting any occasion that may offer for the exercise of his talents in so lasting and elevated a walk. These medallions are struck in bronze and in silver: the size two inches and a half in diameter.

George IV.—Among the memorials to the late king, we have received specimens of his portrait, embossed by Mr. Dobbs, in paper, or rather card, of various colours, and surrounded by emblematical ornaments. These are strong likenesses, and beautifully executed: indeed, the effect of this art is as pleasing as it is new in its application to such subjects.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JUVENALIA.—NO. V.

SINCE cloud-borne Chaos his dark ensign furled
Till now heard idly flapping through the world,
And fled before the cherub-van appeared
Whose thunderous step foretold the fate he
feared; [gun

Since Heaven's great work of wonder was begun
And light came roaring from the fountain sun;
Quiet, through space, a blind rough thing of
clay,

This Earth of ours has wound her airy way;
Still in her motion, steady though she turns,
Nor the soft rule that sways her ever spurns;
Onward she goes, in silent joy of speed,
Creature well worth Creation's toil indeed!
From her rich breast teeming no less a store
Than Life needs (some philanthropists say
more);

Varied with gentle slope, and cliff, and plain,
And Heaven-fall'n waters raised to Heaven
again;

For ever feeding with a silver flow
The streams that dancing to the ocean go,
Where, on his oozy wing, light Zephyr plays,
Curling the white surge most fantastic ways,

Or, in fierce mirth, some rude Eolian form
Chafes up the riotous pageant of a storm:
Though by the harrowy sled of wheeling Time
So often traced, still beauteous and sublime;
Fresh as when first from Nature's womb she
sprung,

For ever lovely and for ever young!

Now, ye bright sitters of the middle skies!
With dew-blobs fit your microscopic eyes,
And pore for half a century, if you please,
Like Entomologists on nits or fleas;
Perchance you'll scarce, upon this terrene ball,
Discover more than they do, after all!
Draw nearer, pray; and stronger lenses take,
For laughter, if not information's sake:
Only descend ye three-parts from the Moon,
Your midribs shall be tickled till ye swoon.

Now!—Do ye aught that moves, on Earth perceive?— [conceive!]

"We do!"—What is it?—"La! we can't
There are some millions of such moving things;
And now we mark, some creep, some go on
wings." [some two.]

The *creepers* what?—"Some have four feet,
What are the *bipeds* like?"—"Faith, much
like you!"

'Would it were not so! but alack 'tis true!
Well! can you guess what sort of things they
be, [see:]

Reptiles, I own, but of what sort?—"Let's
A tribe, perhaps, of *earth-worms*."—O most
blind!

Can ye no trace of their great nature find?
These are the Mighty Creatures called—Man-
kind!

These!—these!—ay these! live corpuscles
of clay! [away]

Which with light breath Destruction sweeps
By myriads every year!—Earth's atomies,
Though less to her than mites to massy cheese!
Yet, with stout lungs, and swelling every lobe,
They'll boast themselves—the Masters of her
Globe!

Mark you that *monad*?—"Hey—a perky thing,
With rod and ball? what's that?"—"Tis called,
a *king*!"

"Heaven save his majesty! a royal mite!
His throne is surely three hairs'-breadth in
height!"

Of potent atoms such as this, a score
Or so, have Earth in shares (and would have
more!) [Rheims,

"Bless us! who gave it them?"—Inquire at
Where his *estate in tail* King Capet claims;
If holy oil, sent down in flasks from Heaven,
Give not the right,—I know not how 'twas
given! [breast,

"And pray what's that, with spark upon its
That struts so high, and crows above the rest?"
Strange ignorance these starry people shew!
Why that's a *lord*, sirs!—sure ye ought to
know!

Hath it not something of an air—a *grace*—
A *je ne sais quoi*, that speaks a lofty race?—

"Excuse us! we must smile—when you assert
Grace, air, and lord knows what, in *grains of*
dirt!" [there,

But say,—those light things flitting here and
As specks of down that haunt Elysian air,
What things are they?"—"Faith your eyes
grow keen!

I guess it is our butterflies you mean;
Gay, painted, gaudy-plumaged creatures?—
"Yes!

Gay (painted too, most like), of garish dress;
But still, they mince the ground with little feet,
Or loll in four-wheeled chairs that whisk from
street to street." [view,

Bah! these are *she-Men*!—fair to outward
What else they are, Pope (Alexander) knew!

Yet 'tis the vermin-tribe at which ye sneer
Disturb, defoul, disgrace this patient Sphere;
War, tumult, faction, thirst for blood or dross,
Her peaceful wish, and God's good pleasure,
cross;
Minims! with Folly big, in Vice o'ergrown,
And daily lost in that great globe of dust they
think their own!

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. IX.

The First and Last Hope.

'Tis past, tis o'er! my first hope's knell
Within my heart has rung,
The echo of the cold farewell
Thy voice at parting flung.
That cherish'd hope of many years,
The beautiful, the first,
Hath melted, rainbow like, in tears,
On the clouds by which 'twas nurst.
'Tis past, 'tis o'er! and now my brow
Is free from passions wild,
My spirit is as quiet now
As a slumbering dreamless child.
I've done with earth—I've ceased to strive—
My first dear hope hath pass'd;
And yet another can survive—
The loveliest and the last.

The parting hour that hope so quench'd
Hath severed me from thee;
Yet were no ties of fondness wrench'd
That bound thee unto me:
'Twas my own visions made me deem
Thou loved'st me as I loved—
Sadly hath pass'd away the dream,
And its falsehood I have proved.

I blame thee not: thy heart was given
Unto another's shrine—
Thy vows to her approved by Heaven,
And why should I repine?
I feel no pang—I've felt but one,
'Twas in that hour we parted;
That storm of agony is gone,
And left me broken-hearted.

But now I see thee as a thing
That I must leave behind:
I hear death's summons murmuring,
As soft as summer wind.
No passion'd tempests o'er me roll;
My pains are gone to rest;
A sunny calm is on my soul,
A peace within my breast.

And what can give me thus a power
To hold my woman's faith,
Yet mourn not now it brings the hour
Of early wasting death?
'Tis that last hope, the holy trust,
That heaven's a home for me,
And, rising from earth's dark'ning dust,
I there may meet with thee.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

MUSIC.

PAGANINI.*

Extract from a Sketch of an Excursion in the Interior of Germany, in the Years 1829, 30.

SIR NICOLÒ PAGANINI'S performance on the violin is truly remarkable, and such as perhaps has never before been heard; but it is rather the eccentricity of his performance, than any particular excellence, that elicits such general applause. In saying this, I am not to be understood as depreciating his talent; for his execution on the instrument is such as could only have been acquired by intense study and application during many years: there is great clear-

* A recent traveller has favoured us with the following, by far the most lively, sketch of this celebrated performer which we have yet seen.—*Ed.*

ness as well as precision in his performance; and he is more particularly expert in playing the flageolet notes, which he produces up to the very bridge. Nay, he frequently executes whole passages in double flageolet, and makes even a double shake in this manner, which is a thing that has never before been attempted,—because a single shake requires the application of three fingers, though Sir Nicolò is able with four to produce a double one. His manner of bowing is very remarkable for expertness in the *staccato*, and his *capricci* are effected with great distinctness and roundness. He is very clever in producing the *pizzicato* with the left hand, it being at the same time interlarded with bowing in *staccato*. This, however, is no novelty, nor can it be said to be particularly difficult, although few perhaps have acquired a like skill in this whimsical performance, in the application of which he frequently steps beyond the bounds of propriety, since it can only be considered as a jest; yet he introduces it like a laugh in a serious discourse, nay, even in a cadence of an *adagio*, where it is as much out of place as a joke in a solemn harangue. In other respects his cadences are in general good, and being the unpremeditated creation of the moment, are evidently effusions of genius.

But the peculiarity of his performance is more especially acquired by means that cannot generally be admitted. The strings of his violin are much thinner than they usually are on the instruments of other performers: this greatly facilitates his execution, but it also deteriorates his tone. Those who recollect the performance on the violin on Viotti, and now hear his countryman Paganini, will, in this particular, find a great falling off. The strings of Paganini's violin being uncommonly thin, and his instrument altogether of small dimensions, he is enabled to tune it half a note higher than the concert pitch of the orchestra. Accordingly he plays in *D*, when the orchestra accompanies him in *E flat*. Now the performance in *D* major being much easier than in *E flat* major, his execution by that means is much facilitated, though he is necessarily confined to such music as is calculated to answer his peculiar purpose. His solo pieces are, in consequence, few in number; and if he gives several concerts at one place, he does not scruple to play the same concerto two or even three times in succession. It is on account of this advantage that he always tunes his instrument in a room by himself, only sending for a violin from the orchestra that has previously been tuned, and never touching his own instrument publicly with the bow till the orchestra begins.

When he plays variations, he frequently alters the pitch of one of the strings between the variations, obtaining thus different intervals, by means of which much novelty is produced. His performing a few pieces only on the *G* string, is remarkable rather on account of its novelty than of its utility.

As to the general character of his performance, its leading feature is a plaintive tendency, sometimes interchanged with a frolicsome jest, and emitting occasionally the sparks of brilliancy; but of grandeur, greatness, or dignity, it has none. Nor is there any such a thing as grace belonging either to his execution or his appearance. On the contrary, it is rather his ghostly exterior that excites so much attention. He is only forty-seven years of age, yet his whole person is extremely meager and emaciated. In addition to this, his thin and pale face is nearly concealed under his long black hair, which hangs down almost to his shoulders. His look, except when he is

much pleased, is that of deep melancholy and latent affliction, either mental or bodily, or perhaps both. Arrogance is entirely foreign to his manner.

On the whole, this singular performer may be compared to a rider that sticks with the greatest ease and confidence to his horse,—now leaning forward, sympathising with and patting the neck of the animal, and now being up to every kind of wanton freak, leaping hedges, ditches, and five-bar gates, to the right and left, with a facility that must create wonder: but riding an easy and dignified gallop, or a stately walk,—these are things that are altogether unknown to him; though he cannot be said to despise them, it being evident that nature never designed him for either the one or the other.

The idle tales that have been spread respecting Paganini are wholly undeserving of notice; and must have had their origin in envy, detraction, and calumny. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia have conferred honours on him; and before doing so, their majesties were no doubt informed of his history: how then could those illustrious personages ever have thought of bestowing favours on a criminal? Farther refutation of such scandal would be an insult on common sense.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE sudden and somewhat unexpected re-appearance of the "uncertain" Malibran, has been the only novelty worthy of notice since our last report. On Saturday night, after the conclusion of the first act of *Il Turco in Italia*,—a piece, by the by, which, if acted entire, must be most popular, from the spirit and strength of its cast,—the first act of the *Barber of Seville* succeeded the first doings of the *Turk in Italy*. Madame Malibran enacted the rôle of *Rosina*; and though her reception was characterised by a degree of coldness on the part of her numerous auditory, and which we are sorry so admirable a songstress should provoke by her caprice, it is but justice to say, that we never heard her sing better, or so little indulge in unmeaning ornament. Indeed, we were inclined to agree with the Abigail in Sheridan's comedy, that "illness best becomes her ladyship;" and that Madame M. always looks best and sings most delightfully, when most disposed to be indisposed. The fulness and firmness of tone in which she executed the difficult cavatina of *Una voce poco fa*, evinced splendid powers; and we had no reason to suspect illness but from the circumstance of her appearing slipshod on the boards, and treading the stage with the heels of her shoes down, as if the "fascinating siren" had chilblains in the dogdays. But, joking apart, though this vocalist has often disappointed the public, we do not think it altogether kind in the auditory to seem so austere. Madame M.'s singing of the song we have particularised, merited the *encore* which was called for, though over-ruled by other voices. When a singer sings well, all little tricks behind the curtain should be forgotten; and when an artist does her best, and such an artist too, why we cannot help thinking that to shew resentment is as unworthy of the house, as to commit pettish extravagances is ridiculous in the actor.

Of the admirable performance of Santini in *Figaro*, we have before spoken: he is certainly the best on the boards.

Tuesday night the first acts of *Matilda di Shabran* and *Il Turco in Italia* were tackled

together to make up the evening's performance. We have before now deprecated the bad taste of such unnatural conjunctions. By this practice all illusion is lost. If the manager must bring his forces together, why not in pieces complete, and not in mutilated morceaux? This error originates in leaving things to chance, instead of making timely arrangements in the early part of the season. We recommend the active and enterprising Laporte to look to this next year.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. KEAN performed *King Lear* on Monday evening at the Haymarket, and therewith terminated, as he assures us, his last engagement in London. We are sorry to lose him, and trust a voyage to America, by restoring him to health and spirits, will induce him to change his determination; for he has in this short summer campaign shewn that he is still great in the prouder walks of tragedy. Nevertheless, most heartily do we rejoice at bidding adieu to Melpomene at the little theatre in the Haymarket, where in sign-board scenery and moth-eaten velvets she appears to ask for charity, in lieu of compelling homage. The barn-like decorations and properties of this theatre have been long the subject of animadversion; and though "the quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles, such as hang on *Liston's* cheek"—induce one to overlook them in comedy, they become inexpressibly ludicrous when thrust forward as the appropriate "pomp and circumstance of glorious tragedy." The season, the company, the every thing, in short, is opposed to grief and terror; and our regret at witnessing the last performances of Kean, alone prevented our laughing outright, according to the laudable custom of Haymarket auditories:—a custom which we trust will be revived with the fine weather.

VARIETIES.

Chili.—Dr. Bertero, a distinguished naturalist now in Chili, writes that he has made an extensive and valuable collection of plants in that country. He mentions, among other discoveries, the *Mimosa balsamica* of Molina, called in this country *Sarilla*, a magnificent *Mimulus*, which he calls *Fenestratus*, several new species of plants of different kinds, two new species of *Cactus*, &c.

Campbell's Exile of Erin.—We thought it too absurd to notice a paragraph in the Irish newspapers, accusing Mr. T. Campbell of having stolen his beautiful little poem, the *Exile of Erin*, from a Mr. Reynolds. What Mr. Campbell has done proves how fully capable he was to write this piece; and though the charge has been reiterated with the addition of circumstantial evidence, we must confess that we are among those who must hold it to be founded on some entire mistake.

Mlle. Sontag.—The engagement of this lady at Warsaw is said to be 1000 ducats (more than 450*l.*) for each concert; the expense of which to her will not probably exceed 100 ducats. Her benefit at Berlin produced 5000 crowns (about 750*l.*)

French Coin.—It is said that gold pieces, of 100 francs each, are to be issued from the French Mint. They will, we imagine, be rather curiosities than useful pieces, as compared with the Napoleons and new Louis d'or.

Navarino.—A large sum has been received at Navarino from the French government, towards the re-erection of the citadel which was blown up in November last. Some French

speculators are also endeavouring to get up a scheme for the rebuilding of the town; but in the present state of Greece, it is not likely to meet with much success.

Prognostications of the Weather.—Under the title of *A Companion to the Almanacs*, &c., we have the following prognostications, which we are assured are the result of fifty years' experience. As a matter of curiosity, if not of guidance, we think it worth being copied for the use of our readers; and we hope to hear if their meteorological observations confirm the data of our authority. "There are so many causes that have a tendency to produce alterations in the state of the atmosphere, and, of consequence, change of weather—particularly in an insular situation, as these kingdoms are—that it is not probable any mode will ever be discovered to foretell, to a certainty, what weather will absolutely succeed any precise period. But, as it must be of the utmost service to the traveller, farmer, gardener, and numerous other persons, to be enabled to form a judgment of what weather will most probably prevail at any fixed time, the following table, constructed upon a philosophical consideration of the attraction of the sun and moon in their several positions respecting the earth, and confirmed by the experience of many years' actual observations, will, without trouble, furnish the observer with the knowledge of what kind of weather there is the greatest probability of succeeding, and that so near the truth, that in very few instances it will be known to fail.

New or Full Moon.	Summer.	Winter.
If it be new or full Moon, or the Moon enters into the first or last quarter at the hour of 12 at noon, or between the hours of 9 and 3, and	Very rainy	Snow or rain.
9	Changeable	Fair and mild.
6	Fair	Fair.
3	6 Fair, if wind at N.W. or S.W.	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
12	10 Ditto	10 Fair.
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